

The Rockwood Review.

Politics run mad, might easily be applied to many of the newspaper editorials of the present day. There is much to condemn on both sides, but possibly the most contemptible effort of late years has been the attempt of certain journals to stir up race strife, at a time when every Canadian should stand beside his brother. Because men do not shout about their loyalty from the house top, it does not follow that they are not loyal, in fact deeds count more than words, and it is a matter of history that the most devoted patriots have generally been those who have said little but done much. There are many Canadians who regret the Boer War, in fact all true Britons deplore the necessity that has forced an appeal to arms; but now war is a dreadful reality, there are no Canadians either of British or French extraction who do not wish for the success of the British Arms. It is not the quill drivers who endeavor to set French Canadians and English Speaking Canadians at each others throats who will be found in the Canadian Contingent. True dignity is evidently quite as rare as true patriotism among the picayune politicians, whose only ambition is to be "on top" no matter how.

Sporting events interest the majority of Anglo Saxons, and the sporting columns of most newspapers are read by the multitude, and even persons who profess to have a bitter dislike to such amusements as prize fighting and football, exhibit a familiarity with the details of these encounters that betokens a faithful study of the newspapers. Possibly these people cannot attend the sporting events, because of the absence of any such excuse, as that of the children and the menagerie, which does duty when the hyper-virtuous man wishes to settle his conscience and visit the circus at the same time. Under the circumstances the editor should rise to the occasion, and journals which are on a high level

in most particulars, should have sporting matters discussed and reported in a dignified and accurate manner. Take the subject of football alone. Ordinarily, a reporter who knows as much about football as he does about the higher mathematics, is deputed to write up the match. If the local team wins, the account fairly bubbles over with vulgar boastings of the prowess of the players, and the whole article is strongly suggestive of hysterics and soda-water fizz. The grand stand players are puffed up ad nauseum, the quiet hard working fellows are probably not mentioned. The other team is condescended to and perhaps sympathized with. If by any chance the visitors should win, then the referee catches it, there are accusations galore in regard to the crookedness of players and officials, and the hysterics now savor of tears—tears without smiles. No wonder this place hates that place, and that fewer detest this place, while the cock-a-doodle-do of the sporting cockerel is to be heard so often. There are writers of sporting articles who strive to be fair, and who consequently make no trouble, but unfortunately their influence is not always in the ascendant. Why men can have less fairness than children, over games, is something difficult to understand.

There has been a remarkable migration of Golden Plover this autumn. As these birds have been almost unknown here for several years, their return is heralded with pleasure. Curlews were also seen in fair numbers.

One of the most amusing features of football contests in Kingston is the running commentary of the playing kept up by the small boy. What he does not know about the five points of the game is not worth knowing.

Miss Kathleen Harty, and the Misses Clarke, visited Toronto during the Opera Season.